

Home Coming and Fall Festival, Plymouth, Indiana, September 21-22-23

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WHERE ARE THE OLD BOYS?—ARMSTRONG

Former Plymouth Resident Who Grew up Here, Writes About The Days of His Youth And Tells Tales Out of School.

Editor Republican:

What has become of the boys who were boys when I was a boy? Plymouth had a lot of them. Some were good, some were bad, and some were worse. I often wonder if the bad boys don't make pretty good men. Only I didn't know many of the bad ones, because, according to the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Presbyterian, and there are no bad boys in the Presbyterian church.

The old church was about half a block south of the courthouse square, fronting east. Charley Leonard was sexton, and had the important trust of ringing the bell. Sometimes in the informal interval between dispersal of churchgoers and opening of Sunday school, Charley would let another boy ring the bell a little. But that had its dangers. Jim Smith or Layton Elliot had a passion for making the old bell turn over—a thing which seemed like sacrilege to me.

Jim was a stepson of old Judge Fuller, who had a pretty home south of the cemetery; and Jim revelled in the reputation of being tough, while Will Fuller, his step-brother was good. Also Will was a handsome lad, as became the brother of Zipporah Fuller, and Betty Fuller. The latter sang in the old church choir, and a mighty pretty picture she made up there at the rear of the church, with her round bonnet, and her round face, and her ribbons.

But this is a talk about boys—not women. Only I often wonder if Jim Smith didn't "turn out" pretty well, in spite of his boyish desire to go west and amaze the border with his recklessness.

Charley Leonard had a brother Bill, a carpenter, like his father before him. Bill was a handsome, capable fellow. I think he was drowned in the Mississippi river many years ago. There was another Will Leonard, a baker, who used to work for Bill Hill, and who married Alice Nichols, a girl I confidently expected to make my wife from the time I was nine years old till, Oh, well, till Will cooked my dough along with a lot for Bill Hill—"and they were happy ever after."

Said Bill Hill had a son named Fred, a blooded little rascal with the voice of a tenor angel and the people of a Greek God. Fred had a mind-reading gift which made him the marvel of common boys, and the still more enviable ability to talk with girls without getting embarrassed.

Mark Tuttle was a little older, the son of a photographer who wore ruffles, and who had a gallery over Pershing's drug store. Mark was rather the best scholar in school what time D. D. Luke was principal, among the boys. For Phoebe Thompson was always a hundred in everything, and the boys seemed to compete with her. At that I got a copy of "Evangeline" one term for standing ninety-eight; and that making always explained to me who Mr. Luke didn't stay longer in the Plymouth schools.

Bede Alleman and Mr. Luke had a very pretty fight there in the school room one day, and Bede, who had given weight imprudently, was howled through the door and down stairs, to the great disappointment of the boy pupils. Not that we disliked Luke particularly, but because there is some insurgent blood even in a Plymouth school room.

Bert Reeves was the best dressed boy in school. He had tail coats, like men; while the rest of us were content with the common sack coat of the country. He and Manfred Corbin wore some of the two big lawns, the latter a mavor of Plymouth city, the former one of the county's most able and most useful state senators. I wonder if those boys delivered the letters which Deisenroth says were laid "earrises in his pocket, addressed to posterity."

One of Marks' friends was a Mark Elliot, son of one of the thrifty, worthy Elliots; and his step-brother, Charley Sutphen. The

latter was a marvel in mathematics, and I still remember with awe how he could find the value of X, no matter how carefully that value might be concealed.

And there was Luther Dill, who could catch fish up at the dam when no one else could get a bite. I think his father had a furniture store.

But the real furniture store of the town—of the city—I beg your pardon—was kept by Jonathan Palmer, and his son, Will was a boy to remember. A slow but lovable, dependable chap. I wonder what has become of Will Palmer. He had a brother-in-law, a little fellow named Fleming—quick and sharp and companionable. It seemed to me Good Fortune could hardly be so unamiable as to overlook him.

There was Elmer Dunham, a bit older than myself, and gifted, as I never was, with the faculty of pummeling people he did not like. It is a precious possession, and so many of us have to get along without it. He pretty nearly met his Waterloo one day when he and Bert Pershing got tangled up in front of Renberg's harness shop, which was next door to a saloon. But in the end Dunham's greater experience in pugilistic argument prevailed over Pershing's superior theories; and the red-headed boy won.

Merrick Nichols was still a little older, and only a boy when they made him superintendent of our Sunday school. Merrick was a printer, and promotion put him in the editorial chair of the Republican along in war time; and I sold him a poem for a dollar one day. I have no intention of quoting the poem here. Time is very kind now and then, and covers up lots of things that we couldn't defend. Merrick meant it in all kindness when he printed my poem in solid nonpareil with a leaded long primer introduction, stating that the author was a Sunday school scholar, and a lad who had never used tobacco nor whiskey. And Platt McDonald, who was editor of the Democrat, made the palpable comment that the poetry would probably have been better if the morals had been worse. Like a character in one of Bret Harte's poems, Platt was "a most sarcastic man."

But I remember going home with that dollar bill and figuring out how princely an income I was now assured of, since I had written the poem in an hour, and there were ten working hours in each day. Visions of plush parlor furniture and rice pudding three times a day came to me as I calculated—and hoed potatoes.

And there were Charley and Ray Alleman, sons of Schuyler Alleman, and grandsons of my distant relative, William C. Edwards. I don't suppose there is any question of their success in life. For if "blood will tell," they had an excellent endowment.

Of those boys a little older, I remember Adelbert Coffey, who seemed to be so certain of life's kind treatment; and Will Patterson, so sure to win it whether or not life was disposed to be kind.

And the Buck boys—three of them I think. They always seemed to me doubly charged with energy and almost extravagant in their expression of it. I think they had rather more ginger to the pound than any of their contemporaries.

They were a little younger than myself, as were the Thayer boys, George and Jim, sons of the one big wheat buyer of that early day; sons of a man whose word was good as wheat among all the farmers of northern Indiana.

Where are all the old boys who were boys when I was a boy? I have not mentioned a fifth of them. I forget many. I have intentionally omitted many as the Fitzgeralds and the Lamson brothers, and Solomon Jacoby, who really belonged, like myself, in the country. For

that matter, so did the Thayer boys. Say, where are the Tabors?

But never mind, we all had our dreams when the world was young. Maybe that dream is realized one way, maybe in another. And yet, do you know there is some mysterious filament pertaining to boyhood which involves in its meshes all the other boys; and none of them are ever really forgotten. I am getting old. Maybe some of my boyhood companions are dead. Maybe some of them flourish in great happiness, realizing my own visions of plush furniture and rice pudding, while I have to be content with mission chairs and ice cream.

And maybe the happiest are those the records of whose deeds would be tiresome.

Yours very truly
LeRoy Armstrong.

Obituary of John V. Astley

John V. Astley was born in Perry village, N. Y., Oct. 8, 1838, and came to Indiana during the time of the Indians, with his parents in 1845. Over the old Canal Route to Logansport they came, then by land to Plymouth, where they settled near the old grist mill. From here they went to Wolf Creek, but returned in 1850, occupying what is known as the old Windsor hotel, then used as a double residence.

Previous to the war Mr Astley learned the blacksmith's trade at Studebaker's, and has often told many amusing incidents of this time. In 1862 he enlisted as a volunteer in Company F, 73rd Ind. Regt., organized at South Bend and served throughout the war, being mustered out at Indianapolis.

On March 6, 1866, he was united in marriage to Nancy Jane Conover at South Bend, that being a triple wedding of the three oldest sisters. Five children were reared by them at the home place at the corner of Walnut and Washington streets, with a most loving and paternal care. They are Charles R., Flora V. (Mrs. Jesse Hoham), John V., Jr., Jesse C., and Nellie Estelle (Mrs. Mark Swoverland) all of whom survive.

Mr Astley was a very prominent citizen in political and social life, always working for the betterment of the community. His business career commenced in a restaurant on Michigan street, after which he took charge of a construction train on the Pennsylvania. After that he accepted a position as clerk at Buck & Toan's hardware, being employed there for a period of twelve years.

He was elected sheriff on the republican ticket in 1878 and served two terms, until 1882. He was the last sheriff to live in the old jail and the first to live in the new. After his terms as sheriff Mr Astley went into the hardware business for himself on north Michigan street. While thus engaged in business he served in several political and honorary positions. As city councilman in 1897 he was one of those who urged the paving of the city, and aided in laying the first bricks on Michigan st.

On Sept. 16, 1902, Mr Astley was married to Mrs. John Swoverland of Bourbon, and she was his faithful companion until death.

In his later years Mr Astley took to farming, then returned once more to the restaurant business. At the time of his death he was in the farm implement business with his son-in-law Jesse Hoham. He was always jovial and congenial, had a kind word for all, lending a charitable hand to the needy.

He became a member of the Presbyterian church several years ago, and to other denominations he always extended assistance in his generous and courteous way. Fraternally he was an active member of the Masonic order, having been made a Master Mason in 1870 and a Knight Templar in September, 1875. He was also a member of the Royal Arcanum. Besides his wife and children he leaves a sister, Mrs. Ann Protsman, of this city.

The funeral was held at the Presbyterian church today at two o'clock and was in charge of the Knights Templar, the Blue Lodge members acting as escort. Rev. Mr. Logan preached the funeral sermon and a mixed quartet sang. The burial was at Oak Hill.

BIRTHS

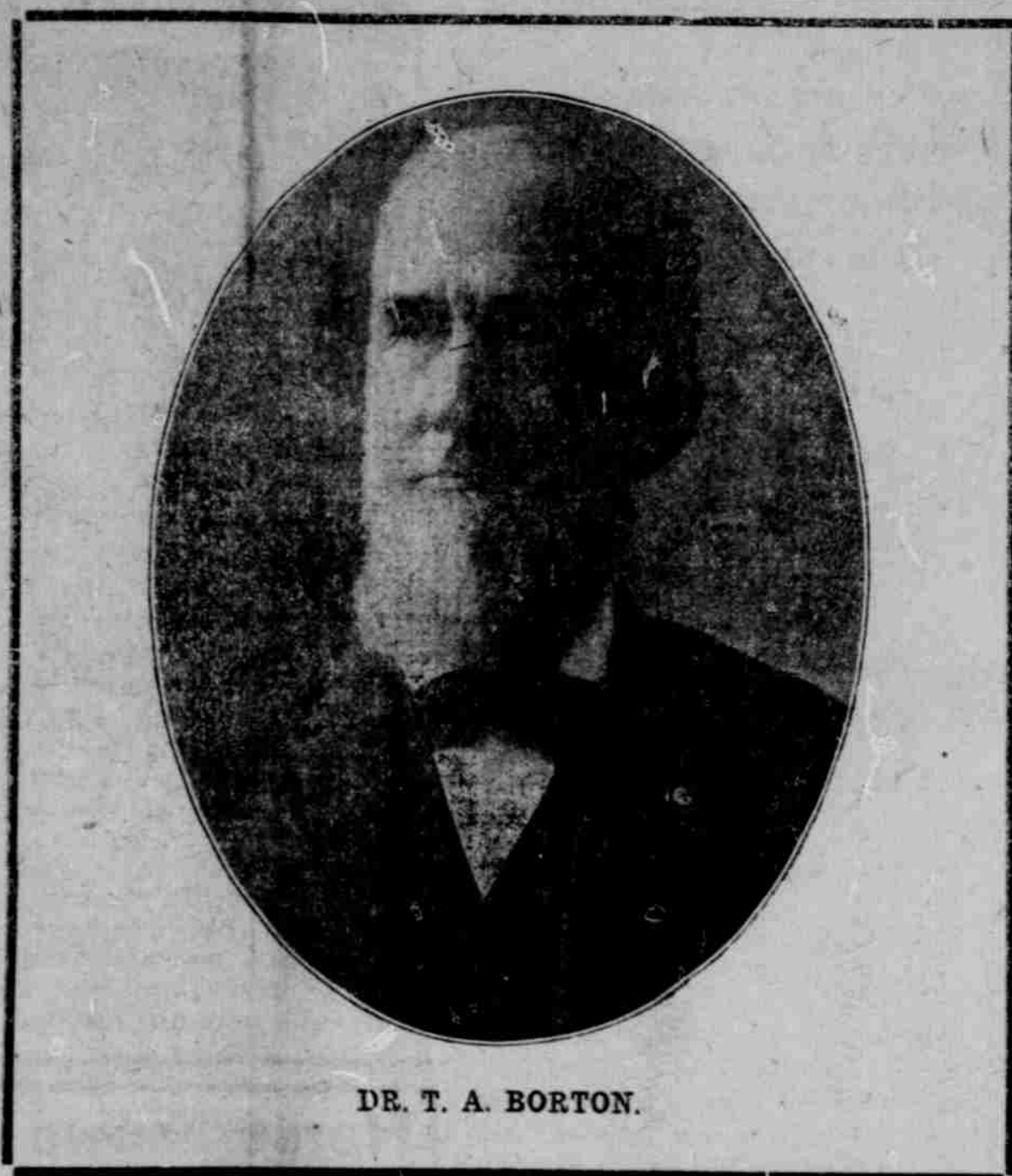
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Glauk are the happy parents of a son born Friday night.

A ten-pound boy was born August 23, to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Logan of Lakeville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Leroy Austin are the happy parents of a daughter, born recently.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Don Strunk of Chicago on Aug. 23, 1911. Mr. Strunk is a son of W. A. Strunk of this city.

Husking Contest at The Home Coming \$10.00 in cash for the boy winning the contest.



DR. T. A. BORTON.

THE MAYOR AND COUNCILMAN RESIGN PLACES

ASK TO BE RELIEVED OF BURDENS OF THEIR OFFICERS.

COUNCIL WILL ELECT

Special Sessions Called For Sept. 8 To Choose Successors—Candidates Are Already Decided On.

Mayor C. S. Cleveland and Councilman-at-large Joseph Swindell have resigned and Plymouth will soon have a new mayor and new Councilman-at-large. These two city officers tendered their resignations to the council last night, and the resignations were accepted with regrets. They are to take effect Sept. 9.

It has been known by a very few that for two months or more Mr. Swindell has intended to resign, but it was not known until very

recently that Mayor Cleveland had such intentions. He gives as his reason poor health and the increasing business cares brought on by the new factory at Marshal, Tex. Ever since his recent trip to St. Joseph, Mich., he has realized that he must take better care of himself than he has done. He has not been at all well for several weeks, and is not yet able to get to the factory regularly to look after his many duties there. These facts have led him to offer his resignation.

As for Mr. Swindell, it is known to many that public life is distasteful to him. He does not like the work of a public officer and has frequently so stated. It was much against his better judgment and desires that he consented, after being urged again and again by his best friends, to allow his name to be put on the ticket for the last election. The fact that he was elected by such a majority, without any electioneering at all, speaks forcibly of his popularity in the city where he has lived so long.

It will be remembered that back in the 90's when Mr. Swindell was elected mayor, he resigned after a brief time in the executive's chair, during which there was a contest over the "Fourth ward" of the city and the councilman who had been appointed therefrom.

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Swindell would have served two years next January. The large amount of good work they have done for the city in many different directions will be highly appreciated by the city and remembered with pleasure.

Successors Decided On.

The city Council will elect the successors to Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Swindell, and resolutions were introduced at the meeting last night calling special sessions for that purpose on Sept. 8, at 7:30 o'clock. One resolution was passed for the election of Mayor and another for the election of Councilman-at-large.

LONGING FOR INDIANA

I am longing for Indiana.
You may scorn me if you will.

Of the delightful Hoosier climate.

I surely desire my fill.

Give me our winter snows and mizzards.

Heavy summer storms and light.

For I'm staying on the sea coast.

Where the weather is a fright.

I'm staying now in California.

Where the damp sea breezes blow.

Where the cold and penetrating fogs.

On the dusty foothills show.

I care not for your boasted country.

Your mirage, waterless lakes,

I love Indiana's plains and hills.

Where there are no fears of quakes.

I'm staying still in California.

Where bloom the scentless flowers,

Where slovenly eucalyptus trees

Make no shady, pleasant bowers.

Where irrigated lands are fertile.

But crops often fail to please.

Where there are no gentle, summer rains.

But many strenuous fleas.

I'm going back to Indiana.

The homeland of which I dream.

Where the winding Wabash river flows.

And many a little stream.

Don't think this is talking through my hat.

Or I'm writing just for fun.

Indiana is the fairest state.

That blossoms beneath the sun.

IMMENSE CROWDS AT OLD SETTLERS PICNIC

Annual Meet At Lapaz Surprise Management—Throngs Gather Once More to Talk Over The Early Days And Enjoy Sports of The Young.

The Mayor and republican members of the Council have met in caucus and agreed on whom they will elect as mayor and councilman-at-large. The names they will not give out and the public is not to know until the night of election who they are. The caucus was entirely agreeable, however, friendly in every way and unanimous in the choice of candidates for the places.

Phillips Family Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Phillips family was held Saturday, Aug. 26th at the home of Chas. Phillips, on South street. There were about sixty persons present. Besides those coming from Warsaw and Pierceton there were in attendance: Bert Hess and son of Colorado, Ner Phillips, wife and son Claude of Chicago and Willard Phillips of South Bend.

A large and excellent dinner was served at noon. Music and other diversions occupied the afternoon. All report a splendid time as they always enjoy at this family gathering.

It may be mentioned that it was twenty years ago from the day of this reunion that the first assembly of the kind was held at the home of Thomas Phillips, of near Bourbon, a brother of Chas. Phillips.

Mrs. Baker Injured.

Mrs. Baker, mother of Mrs. D. A. Funk, living five miles northwest of Plymouth, fell from a porch about three feet high on Saturday night and broke her thigh. She is 84 years old and will have to lie abed for several weeks. John, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Funk, is in a hospital at Columbus, O., to undergo a very dangerous operation and it is not expected that he can recover.

Suits Filled.

Ira D. Buck vs. Samuel Koontz; on notes; attorneys, Fletcher, Peters and Peters, Logan and Foster, and Wm. J. Reed.

Katherine Way vs. Adam Rothmiller, et al Contest Will; attorneys, L. M. Lauer, H. A. Logan.

Ralph M. Snyder vs. Plymouth Sanitarium and Hospital; on notes, attorneys, James A. Sweeney, J. A. Molter and H. A. Logan.

Mary E. Crum vs. Amos Crum; divorce. Parties are from Burr Oak.

Ethel M. Scott vs. Charles E. Scott; divorce. Plaintiff is from Donaldson, plaintiff is in Colorado.

Editor Is Remembered.

W. Feece of Culver very nicely remembered the editor of the Republican on Saturday by leaving at the office a fine water melon and some luscious grapes. Both were highly prized and will cause Mr. Feece to be remembered with pleasure. He says he never forgets the editor nor the preacher. Just why he classes editors and preachers together he did not say. Is it possible that he thinks the former approach to the goodness of the latter?

Kleckner Reunion.

On Sunday, Aug. 27 the Kleckner family held their annual reunion at the home of Mrs. E. J. Kleckner, on south Pearl street. There were twenty six in all present, and the day was a very enjoyable one for all. At one o'clock a very sumptuous dinner was served, after which the company adjourned to the yard to talk over childhood days.

The out of town guests were, Mr. J. B. Kelly and family of Ft. Wayne, T. C. Kleckner and wife of Decatur, Ill., and C. W. Kleckner and wife of Chicago.

Don't fail to hear the free lecture on The Horse by a competent man that will pay any one interested in horses to come miles to hear.

The best Sale Bills are printed at

People from all parts of Northern Indiana, Marshall and Saint Joseph counties in particular gathered at Lapaz Saturday in honor of the old settlers of these two counties who held their annual picnic there.

As the years of time roll on and on and each year more and more of the first settlers in the country are taken from us, this occasion comes to mean a great deal to those who are still left. It may be their last chance to be together, the last time that they shall be able to discuss the experiences of by-gone days—the happenings of the golden days of their youth, when all this country was as yet practically wild and unsettled; when rude homes were built in the heart of the forest with Indians and wolves as the only neighbors.

Maybe you think this is stretching it too far. No, that is not the case, his younger friends Saturday how, for, more than one old resident told he and his father first came here 70 years or more ago, they lived in a rude log hut, surrounded by the dense forest with its wolves and Indians. One old man stated that when he first moved to Indiana there were but four dwellings in Starke county and but a few more in Marshall.

This great affair, the picnic for the old settlers has for several years been held in Wilson's Grove near Lapaz. This woods are an ideal spot for the gathering they being large, cool and inviting for picnickers.

Amusements of every sort had been provided. There was a merry-go-round about which hundreds of eager youngsters and many gray-haired old people as well, gather to take "just one more ride." Then the usual "nigger-baby" rack was on the grounds and the other stands also at which lunches and refreshments of every sort as well as souvenirs of the occasion were sold.

The Lakeville band furnished the music for the enjoyment of all. This band is very good, consisting of 18 pieces.

In addition to these concessions and amusement enterprises a number of interesting contests took place in the afternoon. Among these were:

Merry-go-round. Music by Lakeville Band all day long

Horse-shoe Pitching Contest. \$2 1st prize; \$1 for second prize

Greased Pole Contest, prize \$1, by J. D. Thayer

Boys' 3-legged race, prize one pocket knife, by H. T. Shirk

Ladies' Nail-Driving Contest, \$2 bottle Perfume, by Abram Shafer

Boys' Foot Race, under 12 years, prize \$1

Foot Race for Young Ladies under 15 years, 1st prize \$2, 2nd prize \$1 worth Toilet Articles

Tug o' War between Marshall and St. Joe counties, prize, box of cigars by Willis Leed

Fat Woman's Race, prize, pair ladies fine shoes, by Bessler & Schall

Boys' Sack Race, prize 1 Cowboy's Knife by Gideon Logan

Potato Race for Boys under 12 years, prize 50c

Besides these attractions there were several exhibitions of agricultural implements on display. There was also a booth showing samples of farm products, and other interesting exhibitions relating to Marshall county.

A big free performance will be given tonight and this promises to be a great treat.

It is estimated that five or six thousand people attended this picnic Saturday. About half of this number were from our county, the other belonging to St. Joe. About 300 people went up from Plymouth on the trains in the forenoon, to say nothing of the hundreds going in rigs of every sort. Nearly 1,000 had assembled in the grove at 10:00 a. m. and hundreds more came from South Bend and thereabouts on the 11:00 o'clock Vandavia train. It certainly was a